

YELLOWJACKET

COMICS

10¢

NO. 5



IN THIS ISSUE



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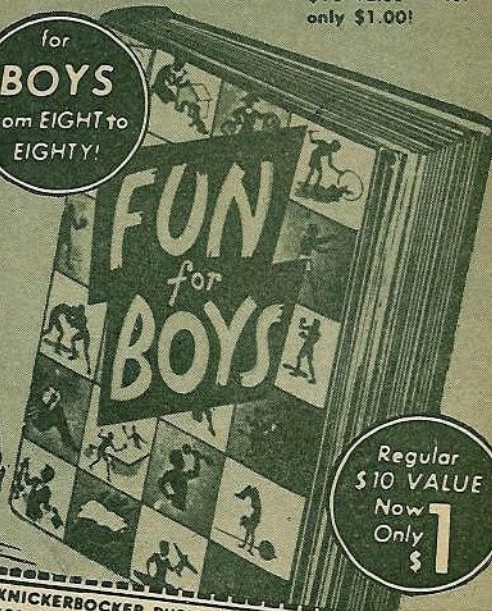
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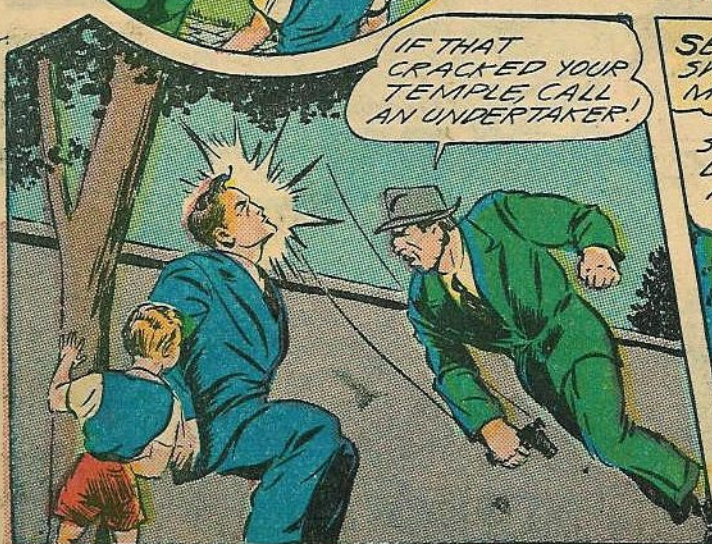
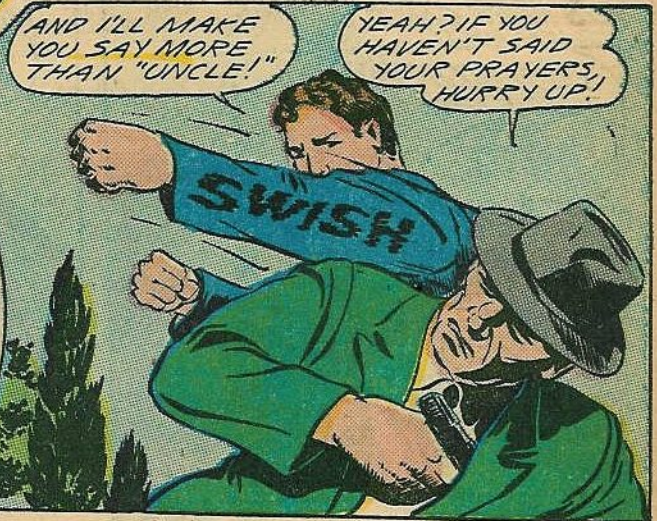


FOR YEARS, VINCE HARLEY, CRIME-FICTION-EDITOR OF DARK DETECTIVE MAGAZINE HAS FOLLOWED HIS HOBBY OF RAISING AND TRAINING BEES....FROM THEM HE HAS ABSORBED THEIR QUALITIES OF ATTACK AND UNUSUAL STRENGTH! WHILE GATHERING MATERIAL FOR HIS MAGAZINE STORIES, VINCE HARLEY, IN THE GUISE OF YELLOWJACKET, ATTACKS CRIME AND CRIMINALS IN A SERIES OF UNUSUAL ADVENTURES, IN WHICH THE YELLOWJACKET BEES, TRAINED TO OBEY HIS WISHES, ASSIST HIM TO ACCOMPLISH HIS GOAL-THE ELIMINATION OF EVIL!!

FAGIN IS THE LOWEST TYPE OF CRIMINAL-TREACHEROUS, SLY, AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS WHEN CORNERED! VINCE HARLEY, CRIME FICTION WRITER AND BEE KEEPER, USES HIS DASHING DISGUISE AS YELLOWJACKET TO GET THE INSIDE FACTS ON A FAGIN'S NEFARIOUS RACKET IN THIS THE ADVENTURE OF THE MAIL BOX MARAUDERS!







AT THIS MOMENT A NEW
FIGURE ENTERS THE CASE---

GET OUT WITH
YOUR HANDS UP!
I'M A U.S. SECRET
SERVICE MAN!

LOOK, MISTER,
YOU'RE
MISTAKEN!



THAT BLOODHOUND'S HAD
HIS NOSE ON OUR TRACK
TOO LONG! HE CAN PLAY
DEAD PIGEON NOW!

YELLOWJACKET!
YELLOWJACKET!



STEP ON IT, JONAS!
WE'VE GOT TO CASH
THE CHECKS AND
CHECK OUT OF THIS
BURG FAST!

I-I HEARD A
SHOT-AND
JIMMY CRYING
FOR YOU, YELLOW-
JACKET! WE
HAVEN'T A
MOMENT TO LOSE!



THEY'VE ESCAPED WITH
JIMMY. BUT THEIR VICTIM
ISN'T DEAD! HE'S MOVING!



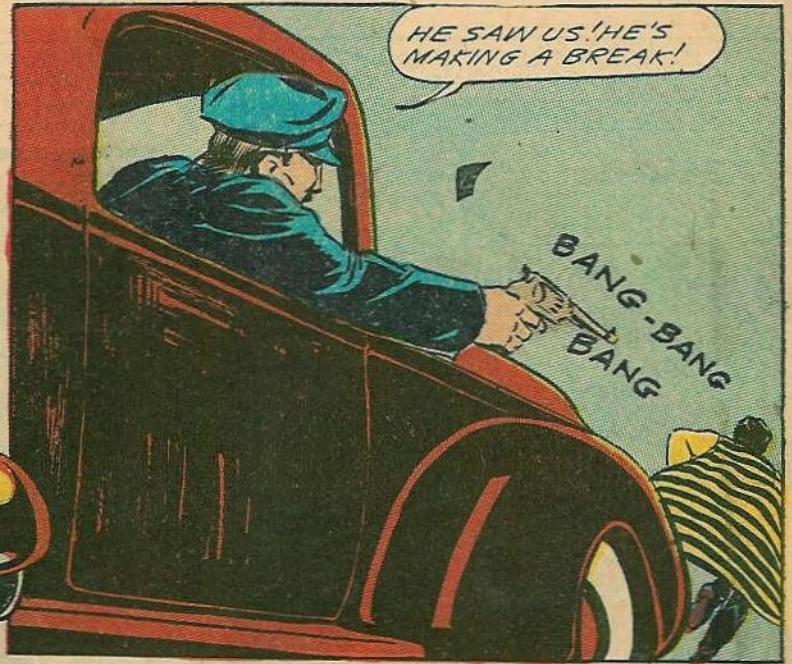
MY CHIEF SAID
YOU'RE TRUST WORTHY,
YELLOWJACKET! TAKE
MY NOTEBOOK! IT
G-GIVES THE DOPE
ON 'EM!

FIRST, I'M
CALLING
AN
AMBULANCE!



COUGHED HIS
LAST BREATH!
I'LL HOUND THOSE
KILLERS INTO
THE SHADOW OF
THE HOT SEAT!





THIS IS JUST IN CASE
YOU GO NUTS AND TRY
MONKEYING ON ME
WITH THAT WRENCH!

AAH-UH!

SHHH! IT'S
YELLOWJACKET!
HOW'D HE
FIND----

NEVER MIND!
THIS SHOT WILL
SOUND LIKE A
BACKFIRE!



OH-OH! I
STUMBLED INTO
A DEATH TRAP
WITH MY BACK TO
THE WALL! GET
AFTER 'EM,
YELLOWJACKETS!

OOW! HE
LOOSED HIS
BEEES ON US!

YEAH - WE
CAN'T FIGHT
'EM OFF! RUN!



HEAD FOR THE SMOKE,
JONAS! THAT'LL THROW
'EM OFF OUR TRAIL!

WHERE WILL I FIND THE
MEN WHO OWN THIS
CAR? AND DON'T LIE
TO ME, FELLA!

HOTEL BYRNE!
A FLOP-
HOUSE DOWN
THE BLOCK!





NO SIGN OF YELLOWJACKET! HE WON'T FIND US HERE!

POLICE CAR COMING DOWN THE STREET! COPS WILL SPOT HIM!



HUNGRY, KID? DON'T GET AN APPETITE! NOBODY EATS WHERE WE'RE SENDING YOU!

TINY WELTS ON THEIR FACES--- BEE STINGS!



I'LL FINISH SIGNING THE CHECKS, MAX! GET THE KID READY!

YEAH-GUESS THE COPS NABBED YELLOWJACKET! NO SIGN OF HIM!

STRANGLE HIM WITH YOUR BARE HANDS AND STUFF HIM INTO THE BURLAP SACK! DO A CLEAN JOB, MAX!



LET GO OF THAT BOY, ELKIN!

YELLOWJACKET! TOSS ME THE CHOPPER, JONAS!



HERE! TAKE IT! BLAST HIM APART, MAX!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT TRICK WITH YOUR LIFE, PELLEY!

GET AWAY, YOU IDIOT!



DROP THAT CHOPPER OR I'LL RAM IT DOWN YOUR THROAT!



THAT'S IT!
NOW BACK
AGAINST
THE WALL!

NOT FOR YOU,
SUCKER! THAT
GUN IS JAMMED!

SLASH HIM,
MAX! HERE'S
YOUR CHANCE!

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!

HE PULLED
A FAST ONE
AGAIN!



EEE AH!
THOSE CURSED
BEES!

THE DARK
HALLWAY DE-
LAYED 'EM!
BZZZ--STING
HIM GOOD,
YELLOWJACKETS!

THEY'RE
BLINDING
ME! WE
SURRENDER!

GOSH! I'LL NEVER
BE FOOLED BY
EASY MONEY
AGAIN!



THAT'S THE
STUFF--GO
DOWN AND
PHONE FOR
THE POLICE!



MAX ELKIN
AND JONAS
PELLEY!
YELLOWJACKET
AND HIS BEES
LEFT 'EM IN
BAD SHAPE!

THE G MAN'S
NOTEBOOK AND
OTHER EVIDENCE
WILL SEND 'EM
BOTH TO THE
CHAIR! NOW
I'D BETTER
SCRAM!

NEXT MORNING IN
VINCE HARLEY'S
STUDY...

GOSH! I WANT TO TELL
YOU WHAT HAPPENED
AFTER THAT CROOK
KNOCKED YOU OUT
YESTERDAY!

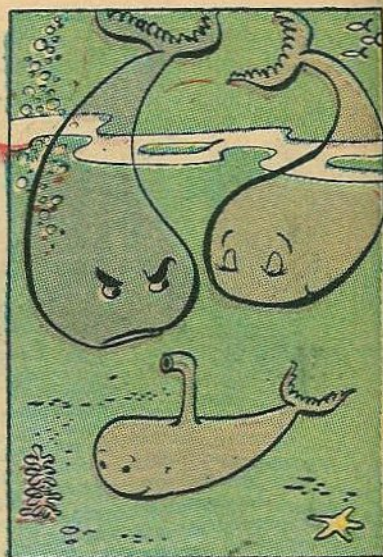
YELLOWJACKET BEAT
YOU TO IT, JIMMY! I'M
WRITING THE INSIDE
STORY NOW FOR DARK
DETECTIVE MAGAZINE!

BUT MAYBE YELLOW-
JACKET SKIPPED
SOME DETAIL! GO
AHEAD, JIMMY!

SWELL!
I KNEW
YOU'D BE
INTERESTED!



THE END

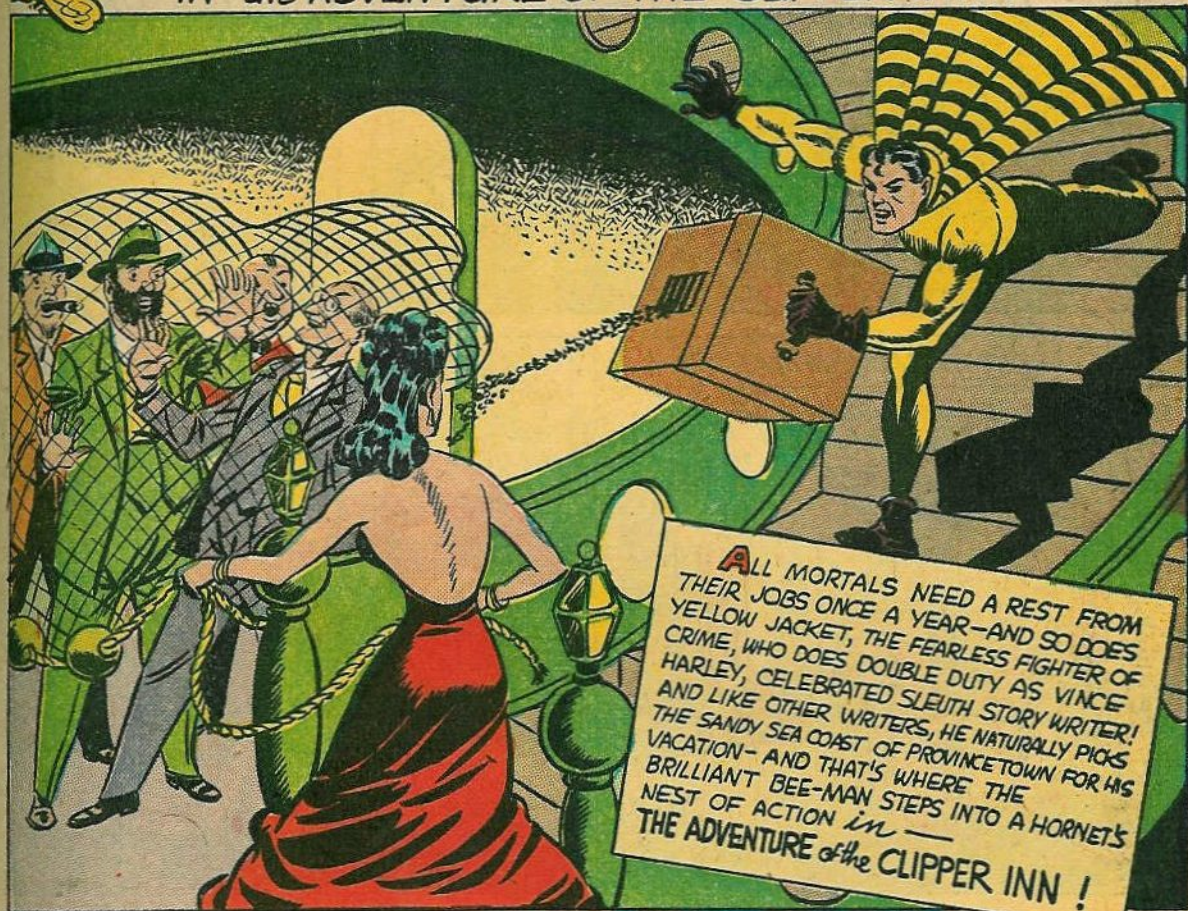


YELLOWJACKET COMICS

YELLOWJACKET



IN *the* ADVENTURE OF THE CLIPPER INN!



ALL MORTALS NEED A REST FROM THEIR JOBS ONCE A YEAR—AND SO DOES YELLOW JACKET, THE FEARLESS FIGHTER OF CRIME, WHO DOES DOUBLE DUTY AS VINCE HARLEY, CELEBRATED SLEUTH STORY WRITER! AND LIKE OTHER WRITERS, HE NATURALLY PICKS THE SANDY SEA COAST OF PROVINCETOWN FOR HIS VACATION—AND THAT'S WHERE THE BRILLIANT BEE-MAN STEPS INTO A HORNET'S NEST OF ACTION *in* —
THE ADVENTURE of *the* CLIPPER INN!

AS A FAST LUXURY TRAIN SPEEDS VINCE HARLEY TOWARD THE CAPE COD RESORT —

VINCE! HOW ARE YOU, BOY? LOOKS LIKE EVERY WRITER IN AMERICA IS ON THIS TRAIN!

I GUESS THEY FLOCK TOGETHER—EVEN WHEN THEY WANT TO RELAX!



DO YOU KNOW THESE FELLOW-AUTHORS, VINCE? SINCLUE LAIRIS—LONGENE O'TOOLE AND THEOBOLD RICER!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I'VE READ YOUR BOOKS, GENTLEMEN!



A FEW HOURS OF CLEVER CONVERSATION—AND FIVE FAMOUS MEN JOLT TO JOURNEY'S END!

GOT A PLACE TO STAY, VINCE? WE'VE ALL GOT RESERVATIONS AT THE CLIPPER INN!

CLIPPER INN? MUST BE A NEW PLACE, EH? I'M STAYING WITH BRUCE MITCHELL, THE PAINTER!



IT IS NEW, VINCE! COME ON OUT FOR A CHAT AFTER DINNER—IF YOU CAN FIND THE PLACE!

FINE, HEAVENWAY, I'LL BE THERE!



LATER— AT THE MITCHELL HOME!

GREAT MEAL, BRUCE! NOTHING LIKE THIS SEA AIR TO SATISFY A MAN'S HUNGER!

YES, AND MUSIC TO SOOTHE ONE'S NERVES!



DIRECT FROM CORNEGIE HALL, WHERE A GREAT MEETING FOR THE "REBUILD EUROPE FUND" IS BEING HELD! NEXT WE INTRODUCE THE TREASURER OF THE FUND—MR. HERBERT HEAVENWAY! I'LL GET THAT OFF!

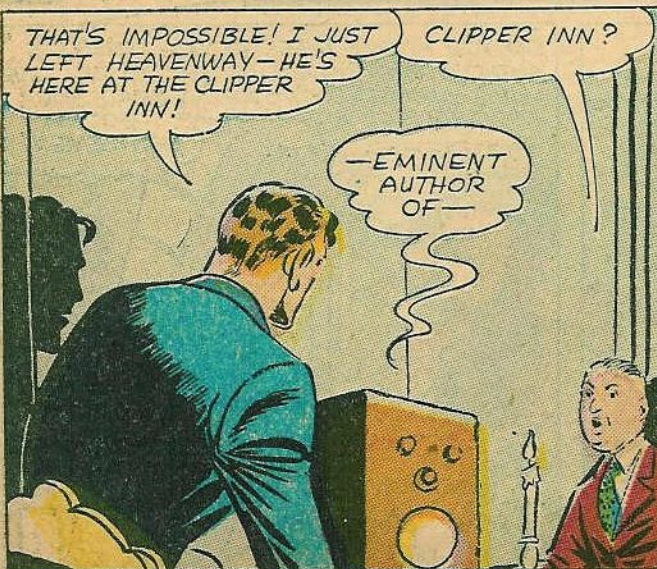
WAIT!



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I JUST LEFT HEAVENWAY—HE'S HERE AT THE CLIPPER INN!

CLIPPER INN?

—EMINENT AUTHOR OF—



GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS! I APPEAL TO YOU TO CONTRIBUTE—

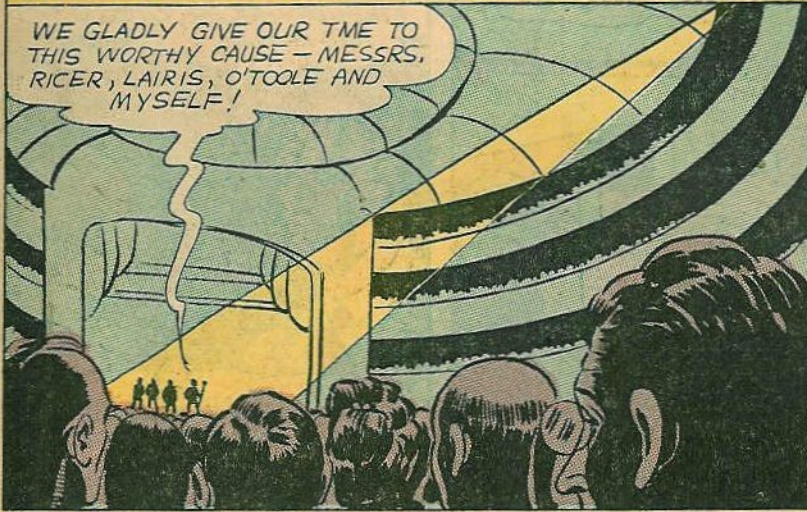
HEAVENWAY'S VOICE! BUT—IT CAN'T BE!



WHAT GOES ON? LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN AT CORNEGIE HALL!

WE GLADLY GIVE OUR TME TO THIS WORTHY CAUSE - MESSRS. RICER, LAIRIS, O'TOOLE AND MYSELF!

WE APPEAL TO YOU TO OPEN YOUR HEARTS - AND YOUR POCKETBOOKS!



WHAT'S THE ANSWER, BRUCE? I LEFT THEM A SCANT THREE HOURS AGO!

THEY MIGHT HAVE FLOWN BACK TO TOWN IN THREE HOURS - BUT WHY COME UP HERE? AND THEN GO BACK?



WHY IS RIGHT! CAN I TAKE YOUR CAR TO FIND THIS CLIPPER INN?

SURE THING! THE INN IS TEN MILES DOWN THE HIGHWAY!



I HAVEN'T BEEN THERE - BUT IT'S BACK IN SOME PINES, ACROSS THE CAPE!

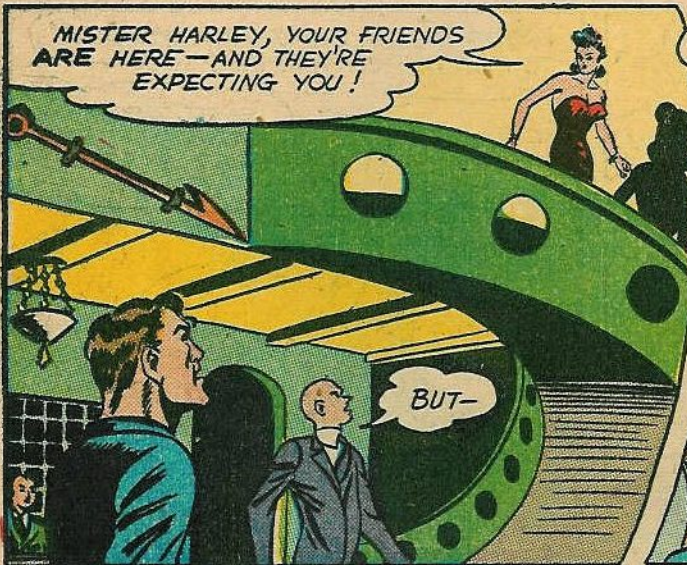
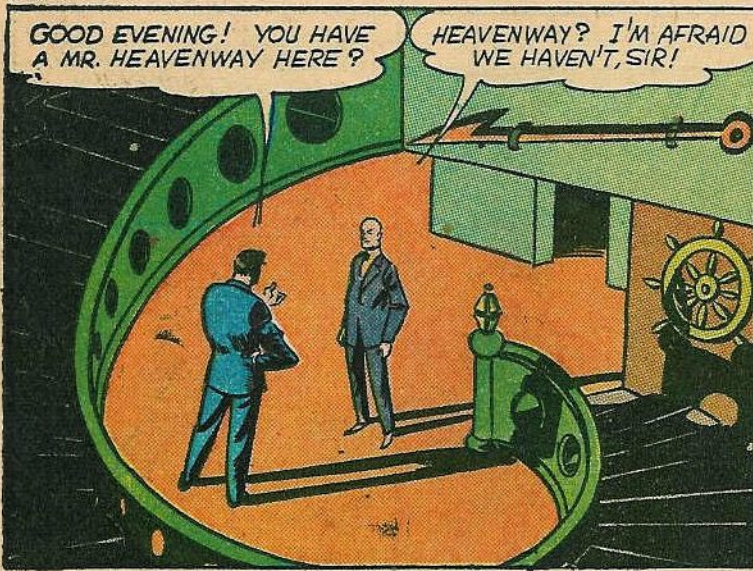
RIGHT!



A FAST DRIVE - AND -

CLEVER IDEA - AN INN BUILT LIKE A SHIP! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S WHAT AND WHY!

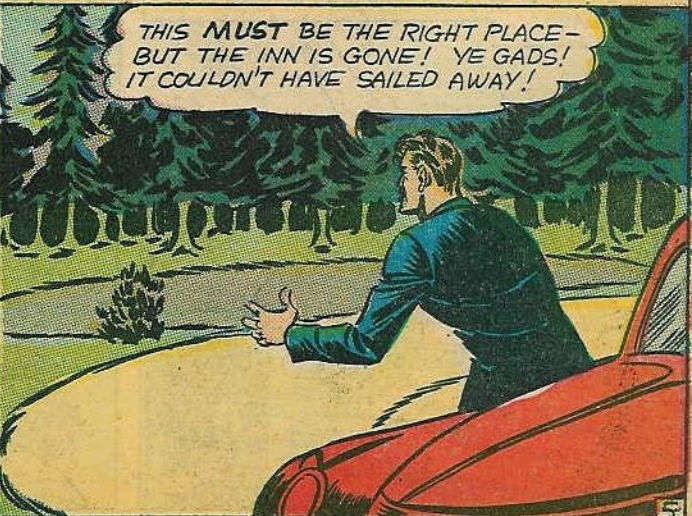






GUESS I'D BETTER NOT TELL BRUCE, YET, OR ANYONE! THE LOCAL COPS MIGHT MESS IT UP! THIS IS A CASE FOR YELLOW JACKET TO SETTLE!

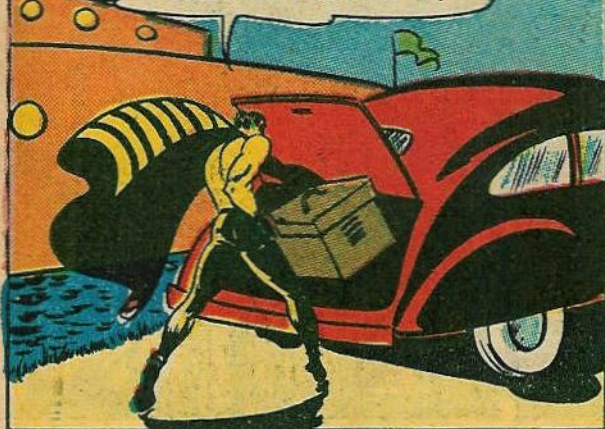
VINCE RETURNS SHORTLY, ONLY TO FIND—





IN AN INSTANT VINCE STRIPS TO HIS YELLOW-JACKET GARB, AND—

THERE MUST BE A WAY INTO THAT PLACE AND I'LL FIND IT!



IT HAS TO BE UNDER THE WATER! LUCKILY THIS BOX IS WATER-PROOF!



INSIDE—

I HAD TO WIRE YOU TO COME BACK! VINCE HARLEY SAW HEAVENWAY KILLED HERE LAST NIGHT—AND KNOWS HE COULDN'T BE ON THE AIR! YOU CAN LAY LOW—TILL WE GET HARLEY—AND PRACTICE YOUR HAND WRITING!



A COMPRESSED AIR CHAMBER! A WALL OF AIR KEEPS THE WATER OUT!



YELLOW-JACKET!

FAKES—AND FORGERS! YOU WON'T NEED TO PRACTICE, YOU GHOULS!

HOW—UGGH!

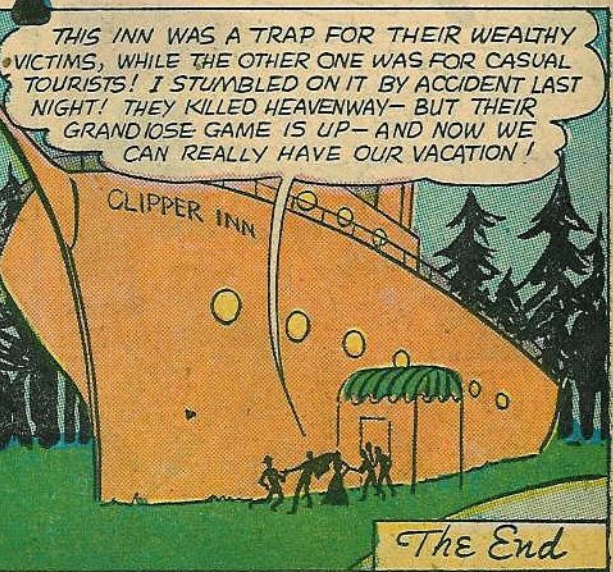


YOUR MASQUERADE IS OVER!

STOP HIM, YOU DOPES!

YOU—OOTCH!



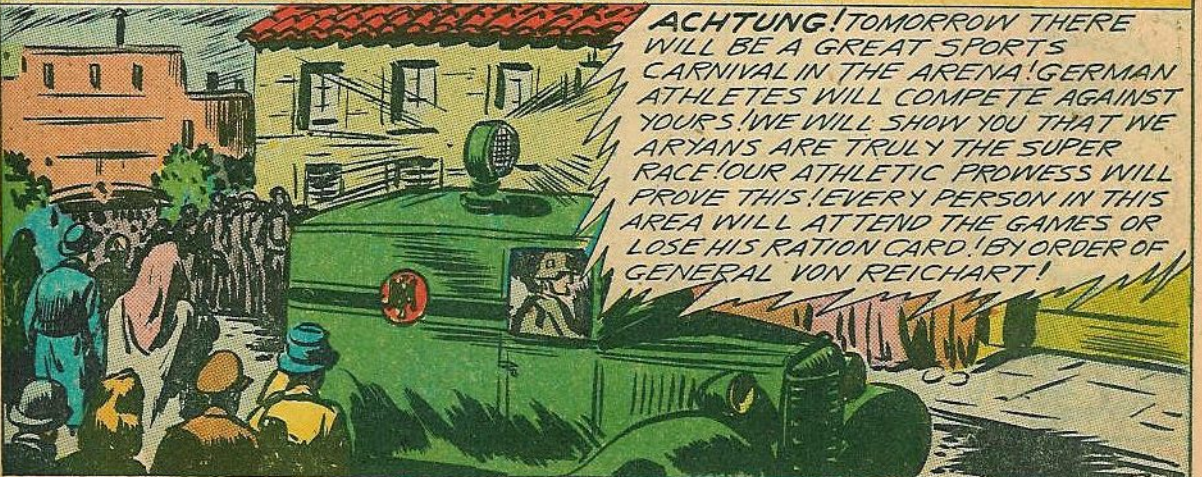


Diana the Huntress



"WE ARE SUPER-MEN"
THE NAZIS SHOUT! TO
IMPRESS THIS ON THE
ENSLAVED GREEKS, THEY
HOLD A MAMMOTH SPORTS
CARNIVAL. BUT THE GODS
OF OLYMPUS SHOW THE
GERMANS THAT THE
ONLY SUPER-MEN ARE
IMMORTALS!

ATHENS - CITY OF DEATH - WHERE HUNGER, DISEASE AND MURDER
STALK THE DEFEATED BUT UNCONQUERED PEOPLE!

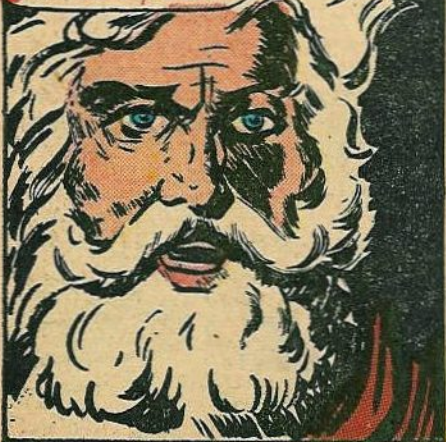


ACHTUNG! TOMORROW THERE
WILL BE A GREAT SPORTS
CARNIVAL IN THE ARENA! GERMAN
ATHLETES WILL COMPETE AGAINST
YOURS! WE WILL SHOW YOU THAT WE
ARYANS ARE TRULY THE SUPER
RACE! OUR ATHLETIC PROWESS WILL
PROVE THIS! EVERY PERSON IN THIS
AREA WILL ATTEND THE GAMES OR
LOSE HIS RATION CARD! BY ORDER OF
GENERAL VON REICHAU!

AT A GERMAN OFFICER'S CLUB IN ATHENS-- MT. OLYMPUS, HOME OF THE IMMORTALS--

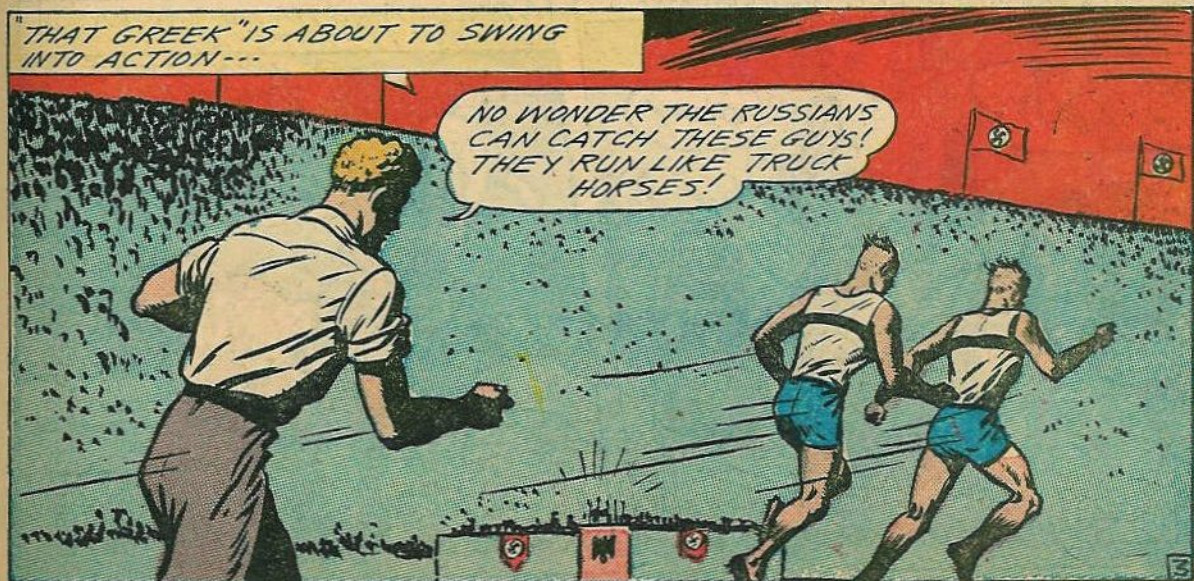
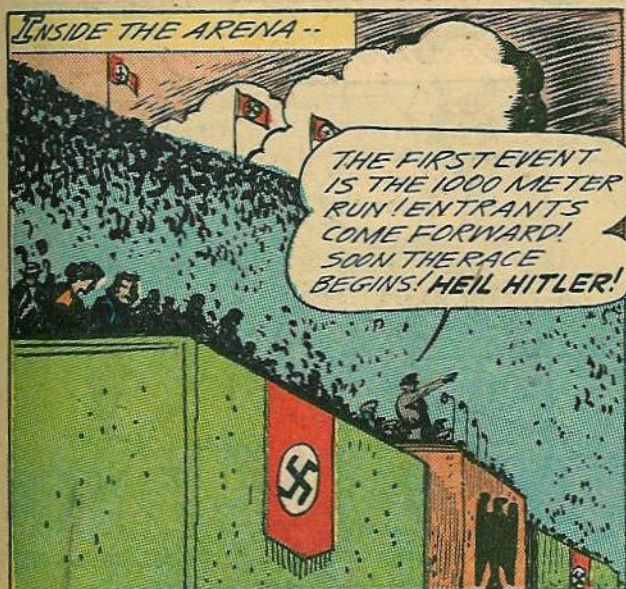


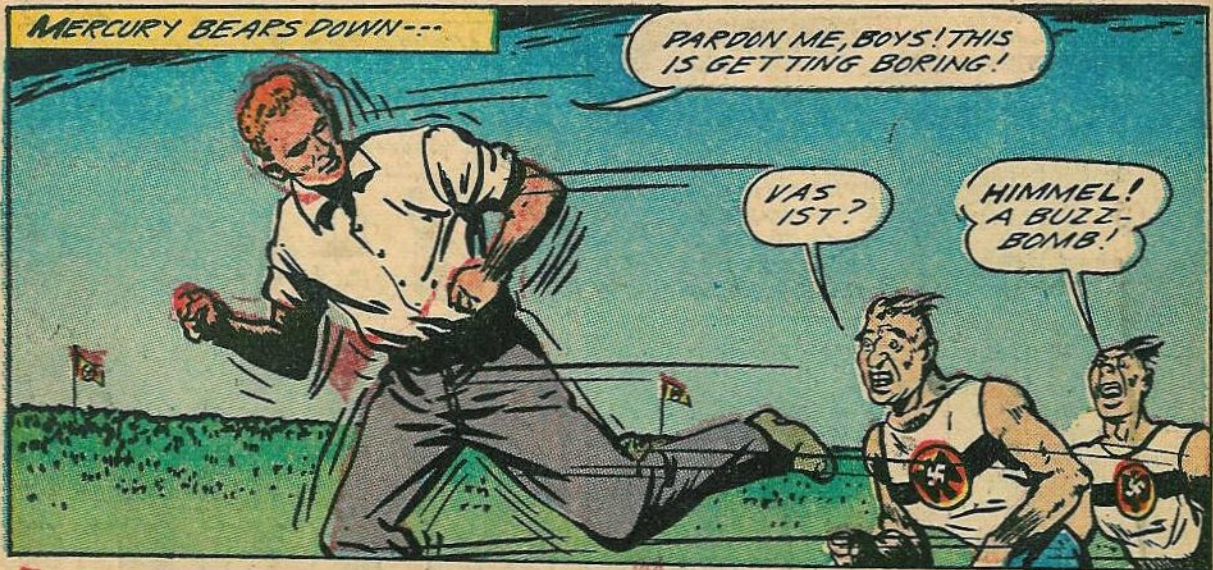
GO TO EARTH AND ENTER THE EVENTS? VERY WELL, MY DAUGHTER, MERCURY-YOU WILL BE OUR TRACK MAN, HERCULES YOU WILL ENTER THE DISCUS THROW-DIANA AND I WILL DISGUISE OURSELVES AND SIT IN THE ARENA. WE SHOULD HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO!



THE NEXT MORNING-THE PEOPLE ARE HERDED INTO THE ARENA ---







MEANWHILE --

THE NEXT EVENT IS THE DISCUS THROW! I WONDER IF WE'LL HAVE SOMEONE TO ENTER IT?

LET'S SEE, YES THAT BIG FELLOW OVER THERE!



NO FUNNY STUFF, YOU! WE WILL WIN THIS EVENT!

I'LL GET SHOT, EH? PLEASE DON'T HURT ME--I'M A FAMILY MAN! THE UNDERGROUND MADE ME ENTER THIS! THEY THREATENED ME!

YES, WE WILL WIN--OR ELSE!

WE'RE THREATENING YOU TOO!



I GOT THE WINNING THROW SO FAR! WATCH YOURSELF!

PLEASE--I CAN'T THROW IT THAT FAR! I'LL JUST GO THROUGH MY TURN!



HERCULES THROWS!

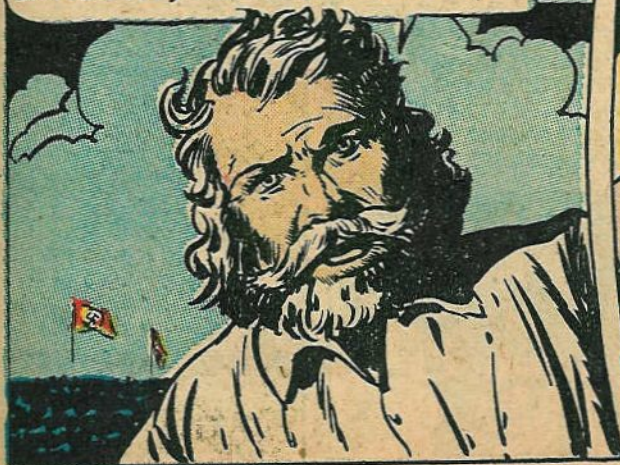
OOPS--THAT SLIPPED!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT THROW!



NOW, SUPERMEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? YOU ARE NOT EVEN MEN--LET ALONE SUPERMEN! YOU ARE SNIVELING, CRINGING COWARDS!

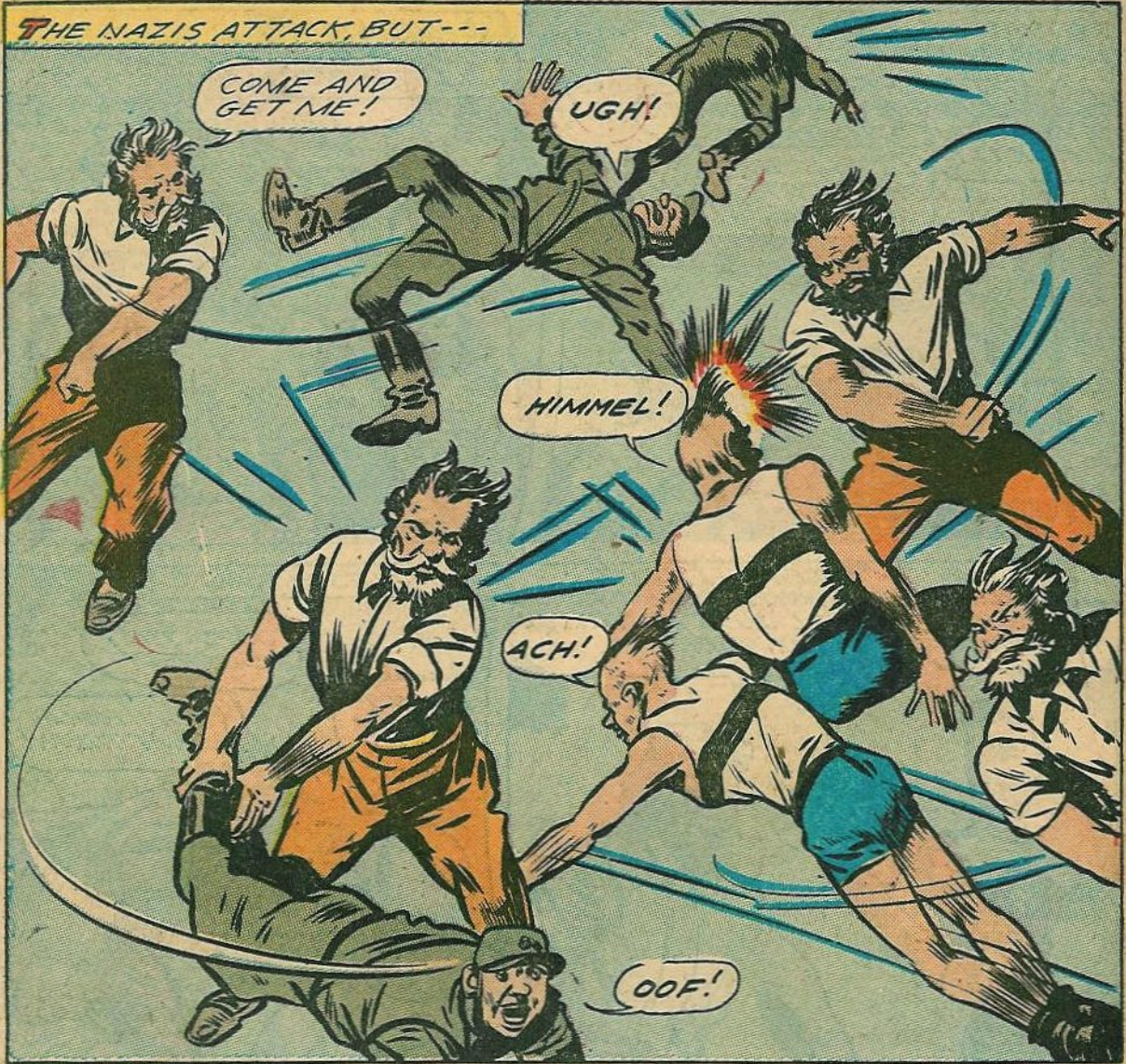


HERMANN... DID YOU HEAR HIM?

JA!

KILL HIM!





MEANWHILE-- HERCULES--



A GERMAN MACHINE GUN SQUAD GETS READY---



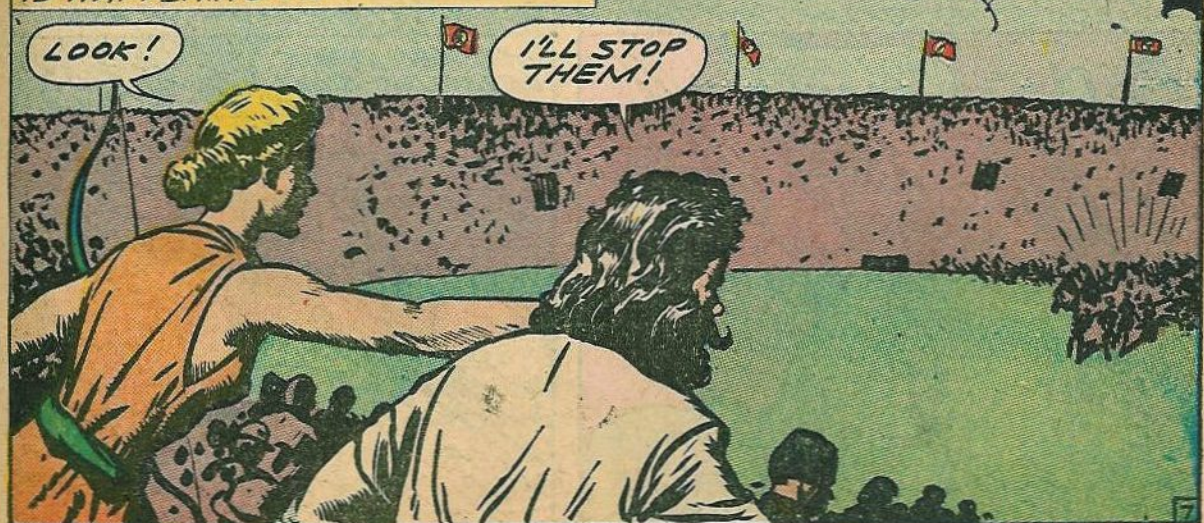
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE STREAM OF DEADLY MISSILES STRIKE HOME!



A PLATOON OF NAZIS PREPARES TO FIRE INTO THE CROWD---



DIANA AND JUPITER SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING ---



JUPITER STRIKES A BLOW AT THE ENEMY---



THE THUNDERBOLT CAUSES GREAT DAMAGE TO THE NAZIS!



MERCURY RETURNS WITH THE BRITISH PLANES!



RIGHTO! THE FIELD IS SWARMING WITH JERRIES! SPRAY 'EM, LADS BUT BE CAREFUL OF THE PEOPLE IN THE STANDS! TALLY-HO!

UTTER ANNIHILATION FACES THE NAZIS--



DIANA'S SHARP EYE PICKS OUT THE NAZI LEADER-VON REICHART, AND THEN--



THEIR WORK DONE, THE GODS RETURN TO THEIR IMMORTAL ABODE!



THE END

SHIPPED EXPRESS

LOOKING down from the ledge above the gorge, Joe High Eagle watched the man's body floating in the little pool, noticed the smashed barrel further down. It was all a little odd and Joe crouched down on his heels on the narrow ledge, and took time to study the scene. This was desolate country, territory lying upon either side of the U. S. boundary. It was impossible to reach either side by way of the gorge, unless one were thoroughly familiar with the secret paths cut into the face of the cliffs.

Night was deeping into purple shadows at the bottom of the gorge, through which the river boiled and roared. The cliffs high overhead, were touched by the sun, painting the tops with brilliant orange and crimson. A solitary star burned down, bright canary yellow against the endless blue of the night sky.

Joe High Eagle silently moved away along the path. Perhaps two miles back up the gorge, he paused and stared down upon still another odd scene.

Down there a man was working by the light of a fire. A barrel stood up-ended on the edge of the ledge before him, beyond which the river quickened, tearing into the rapids that ran for several miles into the States. The man was very careful about the weight he added to the barrel. Finally he picked up the end, which seemed to fit very snugly in place. He was very careful about it.

And Joe thought of the other two men, five miles or more down the gorge, waiting upon another ledge. They had a queer contrivance stretched across a comparatively calm stretch of water. Joe had studied that also, had seen them fish a barrel out of the water once. They were strange men, one of them with a twisted,

scarred, cruel face. Joe High Eagle hadn't liked them at all.

* * * * *

IT ALL fitted into a picture, a queer picture, Joe thought reflectively, his coffee-brown face wrinkling in thought. The men could be doing no good. Joe was firmly convinced of that, as he worked his way stealthily down to the bottom of the gorge, and approached the man working upon the barrel. He seemed satisfied with his job. He looked down at the barrel while wiping his hands, then turned for a moment to peer behind him. Slowly his attention returned to the barrel, his narrow face enlivened prominently by his jet black eyes. He walked to the edge of the gorge, stood peering into the darkness, listening. He came back, looked at his watch by the light of the fire, then turned to the barrel...

Joe High Eagle moved out of the shadows swiftly, silently. The rock in his hand made a soft chunk when he brought it down upon the head of the thin-faced man.

Carefully, Joe High Eagle removed the end from the barrel, noting that it fitted snugly, that the inside was carefully padded. It was larger than an ordinary barrel, and would comfortably accommodate a man, even an overly large man. Joe emptied the contents, turned and picked the man up from the ground. It required a little maneuvering, but eventually Joe got his victim into the barrel, fitted the end into place and secured it, then applied the thick substance the man had had warming over the fire. With the cracks carefully sealed, Joe rolled the barrel to the edge of the water, stood thinking a moment about the swift, bumpy passage down through the gorge to where the men had the net-like

contrivance stretched across. With a slim grin, Joe rolled the barrel off into the water.

* * * * *

TURNING, he flitted up the narrow, hidden trail and along it high above the gorge. It was impossible to keep the barrel in sight, would have been impossible even had it been daylight, that precious margin of the day when the sun shone down the walls and touched the slim finger of the river, winding like a thread of silver down the gorge. But Joe knew that if he hustled, he could reach the ledge above the river down the canyon, where the other two men waited. Could be there in time for the big ceremonial. . . .

Joe's feet carried him lightly through the night, never for a second missing his footing. It would have been the end if he had missed, for the drop to the bottom was more than any human being could survive. But Joe sped unerringly forward through the night, at last reaching sight of the tiny fire on the shelf, jutting out to the edge of the river.

The two men were just hauling the barrel out onto the ledge, and as Joe reached his niche high above them, they were rolling it over nearer the fire, were examining the ends, turning it upright. They started to work removing the end. They had it off and were peering in—

One of them stumbled back with a yelp of fear, turning furtively to peer into the darkness surrounding them. The other looked into the barrel once more, turned it over and emptied the legs of the man out into the open, grasped them and pulled the man out.

He was, Joe saw with a faint grin of satisfaction, still unconscious. The other two stared down at the sprawled figure on the ground, and as Joe watched, his mind was piecing the queer picture together, drawing up an explanation that seemed to fit.

These men were smugglers. They had worked out this scheme to smuggle someone across the line. It could be enemy agents, or even escaped prisoners. Of course they would be paid somehow—

* * * * *

JOE REMEMBERED the dead man in the little pool further up the gorge, the smashed barrel. Evidently that had been an early experiment. Perhaps they had tried it with a companion, or, what was more likely, with some innocent victim, or perhaps someone they had even tried unsuccessfully to smuggle across the boundary.

It had ended badly, with the barrel smashing itself on its way through the gorge, killing its

human occupant. Evidently it had worried the three men little, for they were still experimenting, had evidently perfected what they considered the right medium for the job. It had come through this time, carrying one of their own gang inside.

Joe High Eagle watched the men. They were staring at the man on the ground, who hadn't moved, but lay there, his body twisted a little, his ugly face turned away from the fire light.

Suddenly one of the men whirled, started to dash desperately toward the dark—

Joe High Eagle's hand moved swiftly, adjusting the bow-string to the bow, fitting an arrow. He drew it back, released it and with a faint twang the arrow was gone.

And down on the little plateau, the man staggered and slumped forward to his face. From his side protruded the arrow!

* * * * *

HIS companion stared down, his ugly face contorted by fear and anger. He turned swiftly, one hand unleashing the revolver from beneath his coat. He peered defiantly into the dark, then turned suddenly and plunged recklessly away into the dark, disappearing toward the narrow path leading up to the lip of the gorge, high above.

And Joe High Eagle fitted another arrow to his bow and waited, a faint smile upon his calm face. His keen eyes were turned upward, where he knew the trail would come out—

Joe's steady hand drew the arrow back, bending the bow to its utmost. The figure of the escaping man was silhouetted against the deepening sky. Joe released the arrow.

For just a moment the man was staring back and down. And then he lurched, clutched at his breast where a thin shaft protruded. He stumbled, his knees gave slowly and he slid forward to his face.

Joe High Eagle made his way into the gorge. Carefully he secured the one unconscious man, then turned into the darkness and started up the trail to the top. A smile touched his lips.

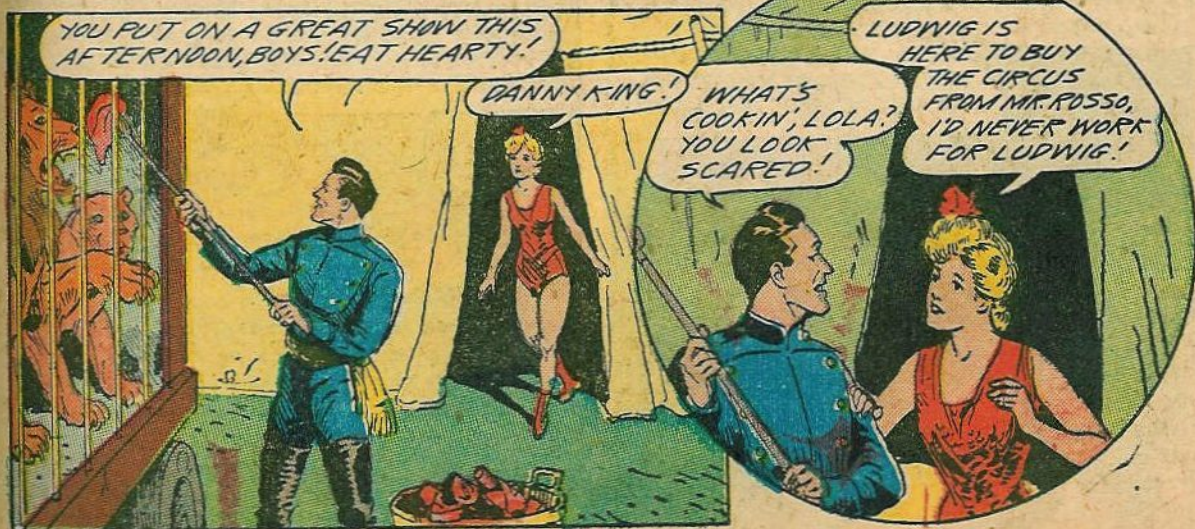
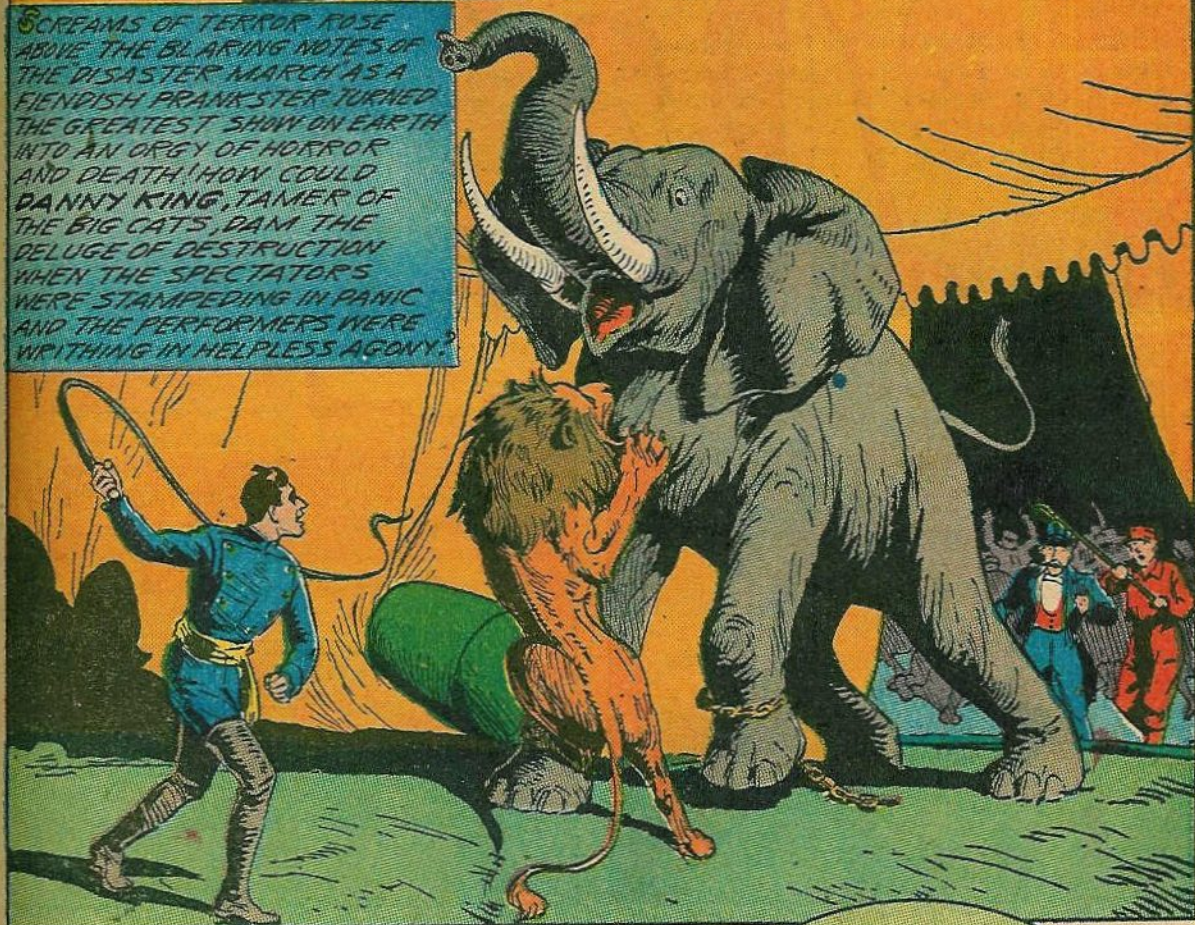
For Joe Lone Eagle was fighting across the sea. And Joe High Eagle grunted, as he padded through the darkness toward the village where the sheriff had his office.

For Joe High Eagle felt sorry for Joe Lone Eagle. If only he'd been allowed to take his bow and arrows along when he went to fight in the army, he'd have been a much finer fighter. Much finer.

THE END

KING of The BEASTS

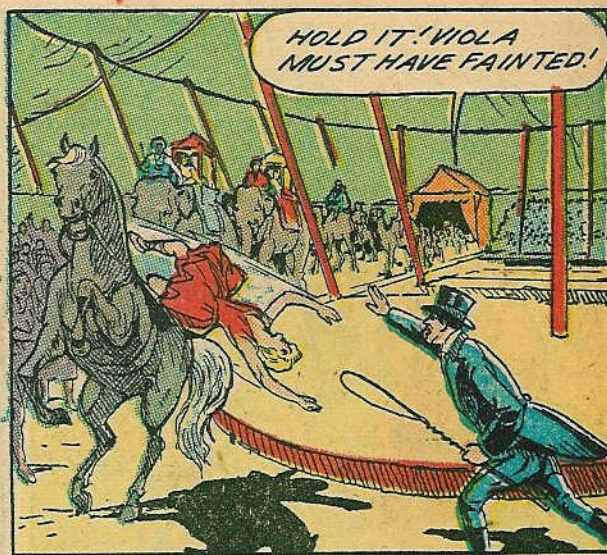
SCREAMS OF TERROR ROSE ABOVE THE BLARING NOTES OF THE DISASTER MARCH AS A FIENDISH PRANKSTER TURNED THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH INTO AN ORGY OF HORROR AND DEATH! HOW COULD DANNY KING, TAMER OF THE BIG CATS, DAM THE DELUGE OF DESTRUCTION WHEN THE SPECTATORS WERE STAMPEDING IN PANIC AND THE PERFORMERS WERE WRITHING IN HELPLESS AGONY?







BUT DESPITE THE GROWING THREAT, IN TRUE CIRCUS TRADITION, THE SHOW MUST GO ON! WITH A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS, THE GRAND MARCH BEGINS ---



BUT SOON, ANOTHER PERFORMER FALLS PREY TO A SUDDEN FAINT.

MARIO! MARIO! HE PASSED OUT AND THERE'S NO SAFETY NET!



MY ACT WILL DRAW THE SPECTATORS' EYES WHILE THEY'RE TAKING AWAY THE BODY!



THE OLD PAW IS BETTER, EH, SAHARA? YOU MAY NEED IT BEFORE THE SHOW IS OVER!

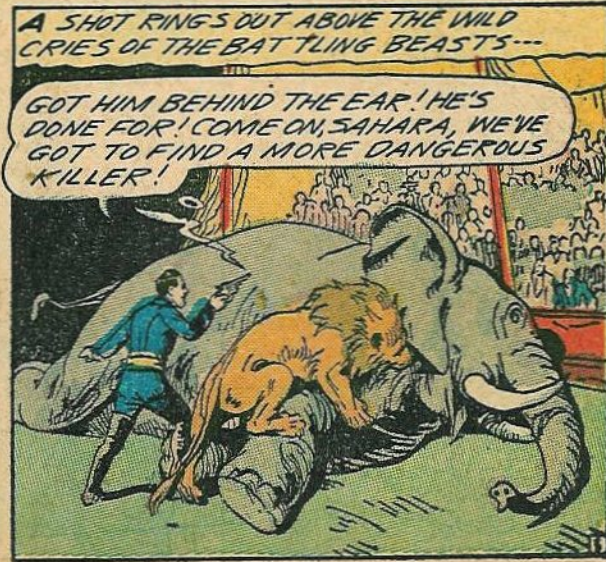
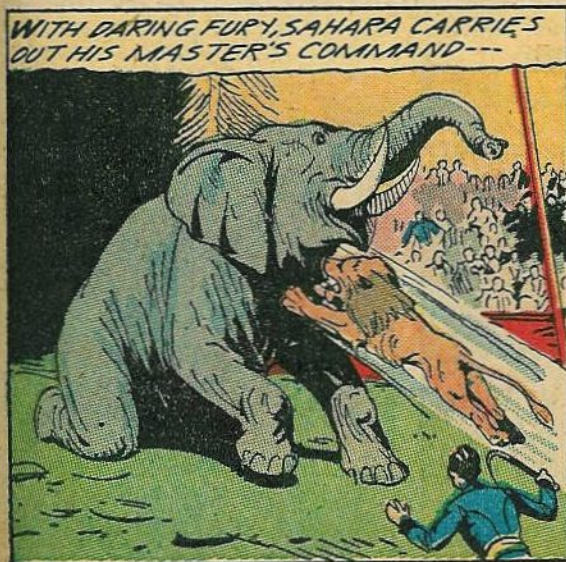
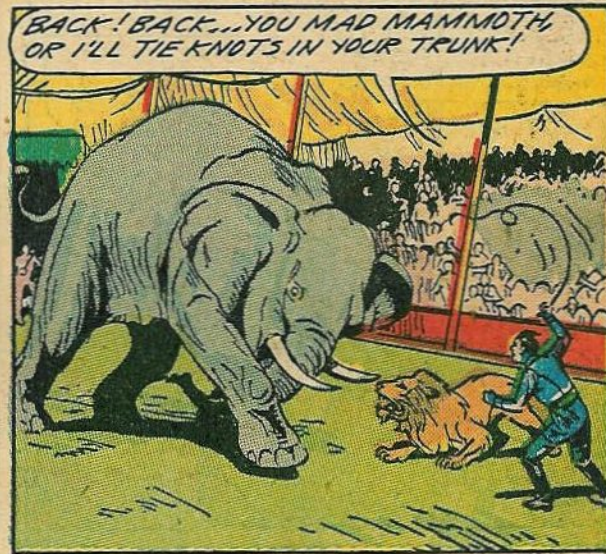
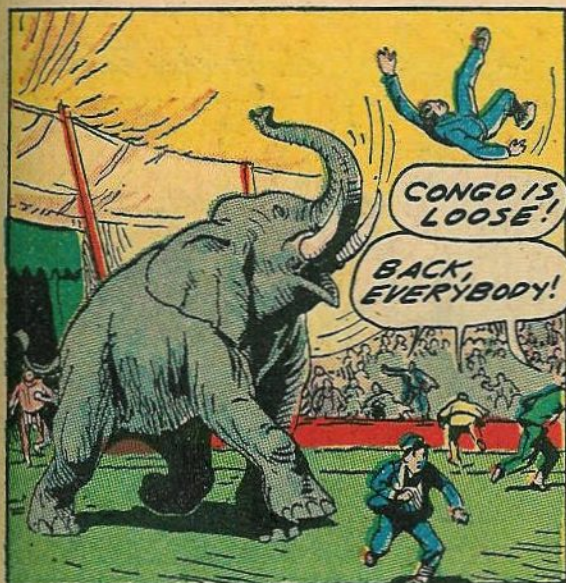


TENT POLE CRASHING! WHAT---? GOOD GRIEF 'CONGO, THE WILD BULL ELEPHANT IS LOOSE!



LET'S GO SAHARA! IF CONGO CHARGES THE GRANDSTAND, HUNDREDS WILL DIE IN A MAD DASH FOR THE EXITS!







HARBOR LIGHTS

FROM THE FAR FLUNG HAUNTS OF EGYPTIAN KINGS LONG DEAD, COMES A CURSE TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. WEAVING A WEB OF INCALCULABLE FEAR AND HORROR AND EXPOSING----"THE CURSE OF PRINCE TAROUK!"



CAIRO, EGYPT--THE SUMMER OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT---

CAIRO STANDARD, MISTER?

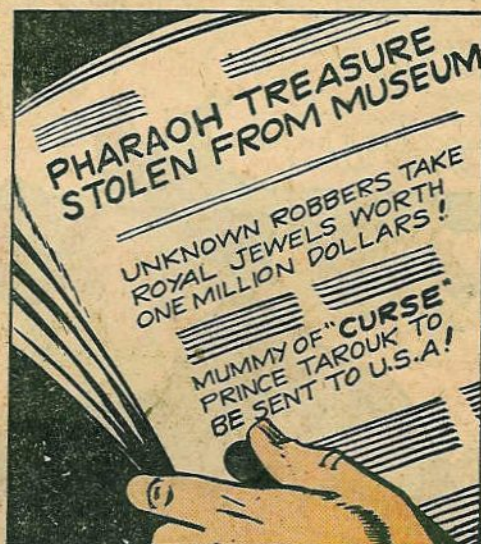
YES, SON! I'LL TAKE A PAPER.



PHARAOH TREASURE
STOLEN FROM MUSEUM

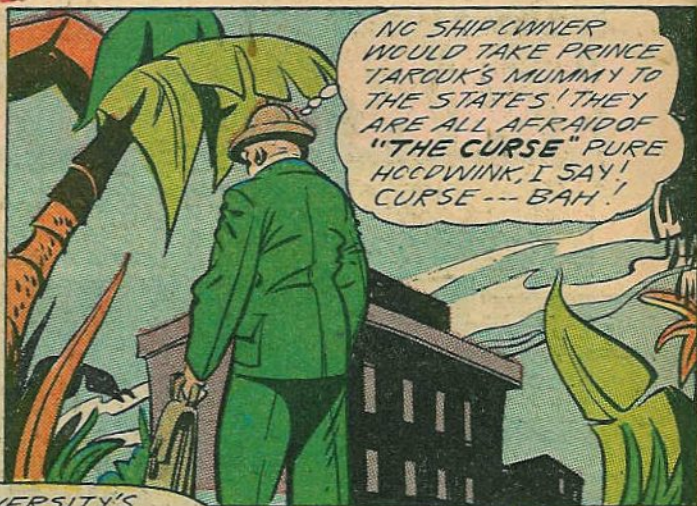
UNKNOWN ROBBERS TAKE
ROYAL JEWELS WORTH
ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

MUMMY OF "CURSE"
PRINCE TAROUK TO
BE SENT TO U.S.A!





MY WORD!
THAT WAS A
SPECTACULAR
ROBBERY! BUT
I STILL
HAVE MY
PROBLEMS!



NO SHIP OWNER
WOULD TAKE PRINCE
TAROUK'S MUMMY TO
THE STATES! THEY
ARE ALL AFRAID OF
"THE CURSE" PURE
HOODWINK, I SAY!
CURSE --- BAH!

IN THE MUSEUM'S
CURATOR'S OFFICE ---

AH, PROFESSOR
LANTON! GOOD NEWS
FOR YOU! THIS IS MR.
LESLIE BRANDON,
EGYPTIAN HISTORY
TEACHER OF CORNELL!

HOW DO
YOU DO?



MY UNIVERSITY'S
INTEREST IN PRINCE
TAROUK'S MUMMY IS
QUITE VIVID! THROUGH
THEIR INTERCESSION, I
HAVE FOUND MEANS TO
TRANSPORT THE MUMMY
BACK TO AMERICA!

HAVE THE
MUMMY'S CRATE
SENT TO THE S.S.
RAMESES, IN THE
HARBOR! I'LL BE
WITH IT UNTIL
AMERICA IS
REACHED!

VERY GOOD!
I WILL TAKE
THE CLIPPER
AND MEET
YOU IN NEW
YORK!

WONDERFUL!



SOMETIME LATER, ABOARD THE S.S. RAMESES.

BRANDON! I
DUNNO WHETHER I
LIKE THE IDEA OF
CARRYIN' THAT
ACCURSED MUMMY
ON MY SHIP!

FOR THREE
THOUSAND DOLLARS
YOU SHOULD,
CAPTAIN LARK!

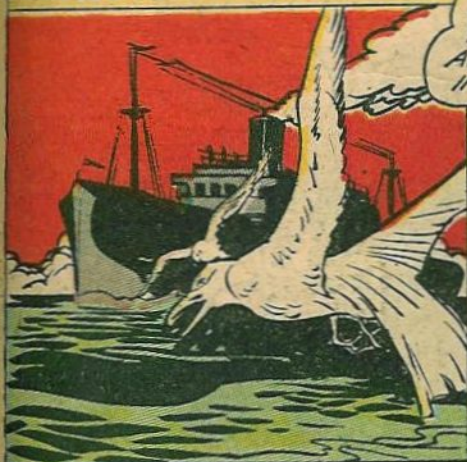


HMM! GUESS I
SHOULD! I
JUS' DON'T LIKE
"THE CURSE"
ATTACHED TO
THAT EGYPTIAN
STIFF!

DON'T WORRY!
TAROUK'S
BEEN DEAD FOR
TEN THOUSAND
YEARS!



RUNDOWN OF THAT DAY, FINDS THE S.S. RAMESES HEADED FOR AMERICA--



TWO DAYS OUT---

DANFER! GO BELOW AND TEST THE AUXILIARY PUMP IN HOLD THREE!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



HEY! THE MUMMY'S IN THIS HOLD! WONDER HOW MUCH TRUTH IN THAT BUSINESS ABOUT THE CURSE?



JUS' A LOT OF BILGE TALK, THAT'S ALL!



SUDDENLY!

YAAAH!!! IT'S ON FIRE! THE SPOOK'S ON FIRE!!!



CAPTAIN---TH-TH' MUMMY'S ALIVE! IT'S ON FIRE!



HUH? MAN---WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I SWEAR--I SAW THAT CRATE GLOW LIKE AN ELECTRIC BULB!

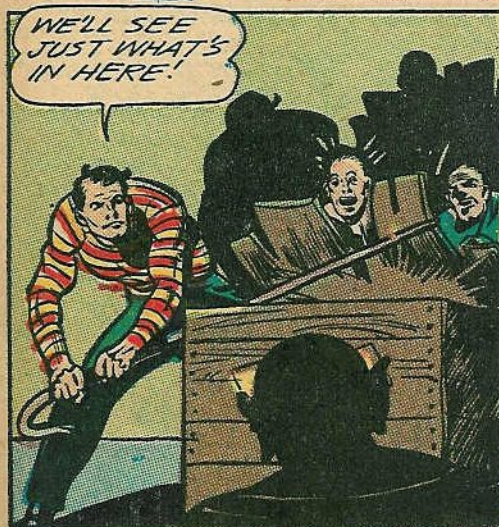
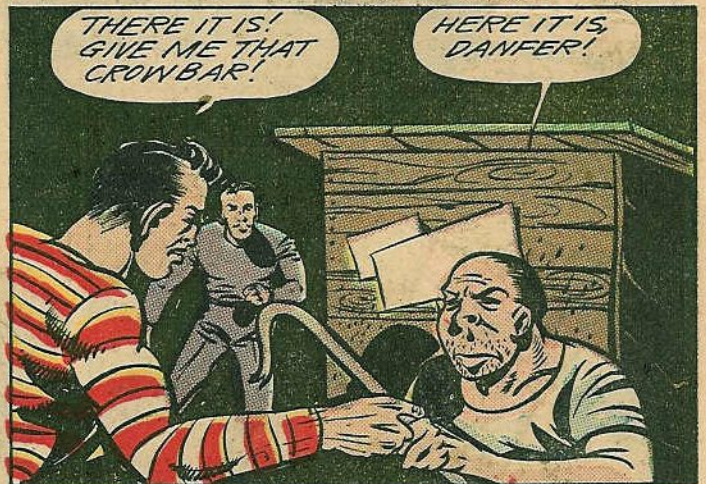
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

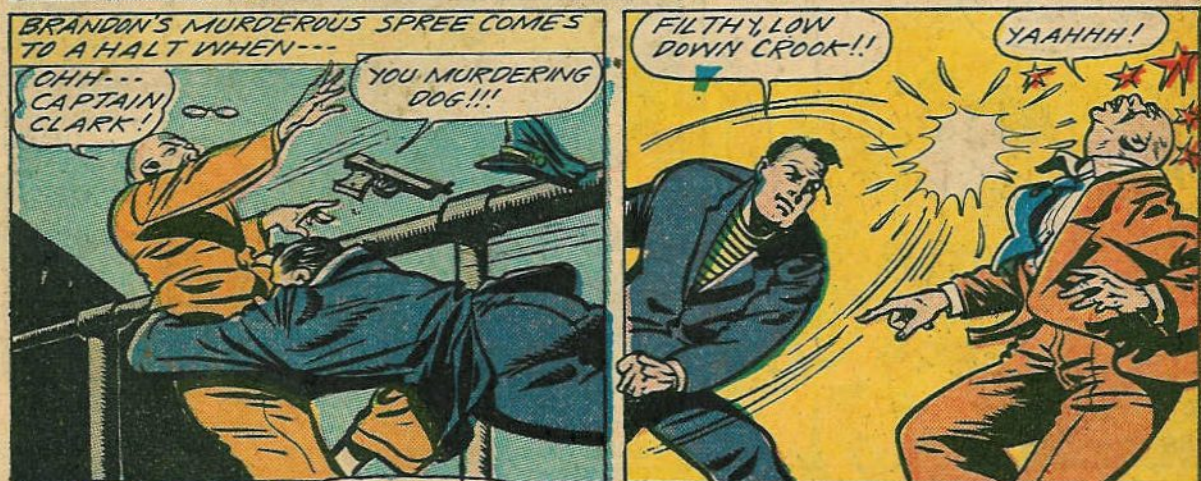
IT'S THAT CURSED MUMMY OF YOURS! C'MON! WE'RE GOING BELOW!





YELLOWJACKET COMICS





FILIPINO KID



JAP TREACHERY, AND THE SNEAKY, COWARD'S STAB IN THE BACK AT PEARL HARBOR, GAINED THE NIPPONESE A HOLLOW VICTORY IN THE PHILIPPINES...A VICTORY WHICH BECOMES SHAKIER AS UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS AND SAILORS RACE FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND IN THEIR LIBERATION OF THE PACIFIC!----- BUT EVEN WHILE THEY AWAIT THEIR DOOM, THE JAPS CAN FIND NO PEACE IN THE PHILIPPINES, FOR HEROIC BANDS OF FILIPINO PATRIOTS PLAGUE THEM NIGHT AND DAY!!!

HEADQUARTERS OF AN AMERICAN FIELD UNIT WORKING WITH ONE OF THE FILIPINO OUTFITS...

CAPT. FISKE SPEAKING.....YOU SAY THE LAST RAID BY OUR B-29'S FAILED TO FIND THE FUGIYASHI STEEL WORKS....WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN, SIR!

CAN YOU SUGGEST ANY ONE FOR A HAZARDOUS JOURNEY TO JAPAN TO LOCATE THE FUGIYASHI STEEL WORKS?

IT IS RISKY INDEED.... BUT I KNOW THE RIGHT MAN FOR IT-- **THE FILIPINO KID!**





THROUGH MINE STREWN WATER, THE TINY UNDER SEA CRAFT MAKES ITS WAY SILENTLY, SMOOTHLY, UNNOTICED BY JAP PATROLS!

WHAT IS THAT?

IS SHARK!



THE SUB IS WELL HIDDEN, KENOSHI... NOW WHICH WAY?

I WILL SOON FIND THE OLD TRAIL, KID!



THE TOWN IS ONE METER FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL

WE WILL TRY TO SEE HOW MUCH STEEL IS BEING PRODUCED, AND THEN RETURN TO THE SUB!



I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT, KID...THE TOWN ISN'T HERE!

WHAT! YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR OWN HOME TOWN?



IT USED TO BE ... WHERE THOSE FARMHOUSES ARE! KID! THE TOWN OF FUGIYASHI HAS DISAPPEARED!

IMPOSSIBLE!



SOMETHING IS WRONG, KID!...LET'S RUN FOR IT-- BACK TO THE SUB!





THAT DOOR IN THERE MUST
LEAD DOWN INTO THE CITY!
I MUST INVESTIGATE THE
STEEL WORKS AND RESCUE
KENOSHI!



THE FILIPINO KID BURSTS INTO THE FAKE
FARMHOUSE WHERE A SOLDIER IS ON GUARD—

MAKE WAY,
BARBARIAN!

PIG! I WILL
STICK YOU!



HAVE A NICE VIEW
OF SOME
HONORABLE
STARS!

OUCHIYAMA!

DISGUISED IN
THIS KIMONO, I
WILL DESCEND
INTO THE
UNDERGROUND
CITY!



THE KID GOES DOWN THE STAIRS INSIDE THE
FARMHOUSE AND SEES A STARTLING SIGHT—

IT'S BIGGER THAN WE BELIEVED
IT TO BE—THEY HAVE REBUILT IT
INTO THE GREATEST STEEL
PRODUCTION CENTER IN JAPAN!



CHINESE PRISONERS
FORCED TO DO SLAVE
LABOR, THE DIRTY DOGS!
BUT FIRST I'VE GOT
TO SAVE KENOSHI!







THE TWO FRIENDS, THEIR MISSION A SUCCESS,
HEAD BACK TO THE PHILIPPINES---



LATER... BACK IN FILIPINO GUERRILLA TERRITORY--





SEE
DISTANT
SIGHTS!



BEACHES



SEA AND SKY



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BIRDS



BALLGAMES



SPORTS



THE HEAVENS

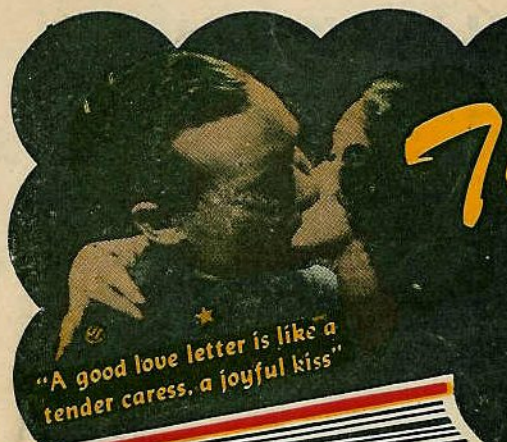
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